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EXILES

WORLD TOUR

new universe

DESPERATE TIMES CALL FOR DESPERATE MEASURES.

ALL RIGHT! NOW WE'VE DONE SOMETHING *RADICAL!* WE'VE HIJACKED A BUS!

GUESS WE DIDN'T DO *TOO* BADLY. DAMAGED THE *DOOR* A BIT...BUT AT LEAST NO ONE WAS *HURT.*

MAN, HAVEN'T DRIVEN ANYTHING *THIS BIG* IN YEARS. SO WHERE TO?

JUST *FLOOR IT,* PAL. WE TOOK TOO LONG FINDING WHEELS, AND YOU KNOW *THE CLINIC* WON'T STOP HUNTING FOR US.

I ONLY WISH THOSE *STRANGERS* HAD "BLINKED" US FARTHER AWAY WHEN WE ESCAPED.

...WHUH...?

...WHAT HAPPEN...?

LENORE! THESE TWO ARE WAKING BACK UP.

I WILL GIVE THEM ANOTHER *EXPOSURE.*

WAIT, OR YOU'LL KNOCK *ME* OUT, TOO.

...OHHH...

...UNNH...=-

YOU SURE THAT DOESN'T *HURT* THEM?

I CANNOT EXPLAIN THE SCIENCE, BUT MY *PARABILITY* ONLY RENDERS THEM UNCONSCIOUS.

THEY WILL BE IN *DREAMLAND* UNTIL WE DITCH THE BUS.

WE *WILL* LEAVE THEM SOMEWHERE *SAFE*, RIGHT?

SOMEWHERE THOSE CLINIC GOONS WON'T FIND 'EM FIRST. THEY'D PROBABLY *TORTURE* 'EM TO FIND US.

THUMP

HEY, WE'RE *FLYIN'!*

I DIDN'T DO IT!

THE MAN IN RED IS **KEN CONNELL**, WIELDER OF THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN HIS UNIVERSE--THE **STAR BRAND.**

IT LOOKS LIKE A **TATTOO** ON HIS PALM, AND IT MAKES WHAT HE'S DOING EFFORTLESS...

...IT ALSO MADE HIM THE TARGET OF **PROTEUS**, WHO WANTS THE STAR BRAND FOR HIMSELF.

PROTEUS HAS BEATEN US AT EVERY TURN, AND EVEN KILLED POOR **MIMIC**. WE'RE DESPERATE FOR A WAY TO STOP HIM.

WE'RE WORKING ON **TWO** PLANS OF ATTACK. **BOTH** OF THEM ARE **LONG SHOTS...**

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WORLD TOUR

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CONCLUSION

4 MINUTES LATER
500 MILES AWAY

YOU WANT US TO GO *WHERE?*

PITTSBURGH. WE HAVE TO STOP A *THREAT* THERE-- A THREAT TO THE LIVES OF, WELL... *EVERYONE.*

AND WE DON'T NEED *ALL* OF YOU. JUST THE ONE NAMED *LENORE FENZL.*

LENORE'S WITH *US.*

YOU DIDN'T SAY ANY-THING ABOUT HER THE *FIRST* TIME WE CROSSED PATHS.

WE DIDN'T *KNOW* YOU THEN. BUT OUR *MISSION CONTROL* PERSON TOLD US ABOUT LENORE'S *POWERS,* AND--

THIS MAKES *NO* SENSE.

BLONDIE THERE FLEW A WHOLE BUS FASTER'N A SPEEDING BULLET. IF HE CAN'T HANDLE YOUR "THREAT," WHAT'S A *SEVENTY-YEAR-OLD LADY* GONNA DO?

UM, ACTUALLY, *I'LL* BE CONFRONTING THE ROGUE PARANORMAL. MS. FENZL'S UNIQUE PARABILITY WILL SIMPLY RENDER HIM SUSCEPTIBLE TO *MINE.*

WHOA. *YOU'RE* SUPPOSED TO SAVE THE WORLD? NO OFFENSE, DUDE, BUT..."WHERE'S THE BEEF?"

LIKE I SAID, DESPERATE TIMES CALL FOR DESPERATE MEASURES...

THE CRYSTAL PALACE
EXILES MISSION CONTROL

WHILE BLINK'S TEAM ORGANIZES ONE ATTACK, I'M WORKING ON THE OTHER...

THERE. VIDEO FEEDS ARE ONLINE. YOU'LL CONTINUE RECEIVING THE **CONTENT** I PROMISED, SO LONG AS YOU HONOR OUR **AGREEMENT.**

AND WHY WOULD I BREAK SUCH A SWEETHEART DEAL, HEATHER-BABY?

I'D STILL LIKE IT IN **WRITING,** BY THE WAY.

PLEASE, MOJO. A **CONTRACT** WITH YOU IS LESS THAN WORTHLESS. YOU'D JUST TRIP ME UP IN THE **FINE PRINT.**

OUR DEAL IS CLEAR ENOUGH AS IT IS.

I'M GIVING YOU THE **MULTIVERSE** FOR YOUR VIEWING PLEASURE. **NO MEDDLING,** JUST WATCHING.

TRY TO MESS WITH THE FEEDS OR TAKE CONTROL, AND THE **CONSEQUENCES** WILL BE IMMEDIATE AND **PAINFUL.**

I RULE THE MOJOVERSE LIKE A *GOD*, HONEY-LAMB. YOUR THREATS MEAN NOTHING.

MOJO, I *KNOW* WHAT EMMA FROST DID TO YOU LAST TIME YOU MET. I KNOW IT LEFT YOU *SCARRED*.

I'LL MAKE WHAT SHE DID FEEL LIKE A *LOVE TAP*.

YOU *ARE* WELL-INFORMED, HEATHER HUDSON. YOU MAY COME TO *REGRET* THAT.

NOW TAKE RECEIPT OF YOUR *PAYMENT*. YOU'VE DARKENED MY DAY QUITE ENOUGH.

I'VE JUST GIVEN MOJO ACCESS TO TV SHOWS FROM A THOUSAND UNIVERSES, ALL IN EXCHANGE FOR JUST *ONE MAN*.

YOU'D BETTER BE *WORTH* IT...

FAASSH

PITTSBURGH

MOMMY, I GOTTA GO POTTY...

BEST YE DO IT RIGHT WHERE YE SIT, LASS. NOBODY MOVES UNTIL YUIR UNCLE KEN SHOWS UP.

BARBARA, DEAR, KINDLY MUZZLE THE WEE DARLINS, OR I'LL MAKE SURE THEY'RE NO LONGER A DISTRACTION.

NO, PLEASE-- THEY WON'T SAY ANOTHER THING!

AHH...I SENSE SOMEONE APPROACHING.

TWO SOMEONES, ACTUALLY. THEY THINK THEY'VE GOT THE DROP ON ME...

NOK NOK

READY?

I SURE HOPE SO...

NOK NOK

KRAKKK

WHO'S THERE?

WELL, THAT WAS PATHETIC. I'M SURPRISED YE DIDN'T SAY--

--"CANDY-GRAM"!

ACTUALLY, BLINK IS CRAFTIER THAN THAT.

BLOOM

NOW!

=GASP=

WHAT'RE YE...DOIN' TAE ME...?

I ADVISED BLINK AND THE GANG TO RECRUIT LENORE FENZL FOR THE SAME REASON SHE WEARS THAT CREEPY MASK.

I'M HELPING YOU ***REST.*** DO NOT FIGHT IT.

LENORE'S SKIN EXUDES A STRANGE BIO-ENERGY THAT ***KNOCKS OUT*** ANY LIVING THING IT SHINES UPON.

SO YUIR FACE...PUTS MEN TAE ***SLEEP?***

NOT JUST MY FACE...

...UNNHH...

FINALLY! NOBODY'S EVER WITHSTOOD ME THAT LONG.

THUMP

WHO ARE YOU?!

WHERE DID THAT...MAN COME FROM? HOW DO YOU KNOW HIM?!

BARB! THEY'RE WITH ME.

KEN? THAT MAN SAID HE'D KILL US! WHAT DID HE WANT WITH YOU?

YOU KNOW HOW I'VE BEEN ACTING KINDA STRANGE LATELY?

THE SNEAKING AROUND? AND THAT WEIRD TATTOO?

EXACTLY IT'S TOO BIG TO EXPLAIN RIGHT NOW, BUT I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING WHEN THIS IS OVER.

RIGHT NOW, I NEED A SPARE BED FOR THIS GUY...

NOW COMES THE TRICKY PART.

YOU WANT THE LIGHTS OFF?

NO THANKS. I'LL *MEDITATE* TO SLEEP IMMEDIATELY.

CAN'T WE JUST BASH PROTEUS'S HEAD IN NOW?

HEATHER SAID KILLIN THE HOST BODY WILL JUST *FREE* PROTEUS TO GRAB A NEW ONE.

NOT TO MENTION THAT THE "HOST" IS INNOCENT.

KEITH REMSEN IS OUR SECRET WEAPON HE'S A PARANORMAL WHO CAN ENTER OTHER PEOPLE S *DREAMS*...

WE FILLED HIM IN ON PROTEUS S LIFE STORY--HIS TRAGIC YOUTH AS KEVIN MACTAGGERT, HIS SUBSEQUENT KILLING SPREE.

NOW IT'S UP TO REMSEN TO USE THAT KNOWLEDGE *AGAINST* HIM.

HEATHER, THE DREAM-DOCTOR IS IN. YOU GOT OUR BACKUP READY IN CASE HE BITES IT?

YEAH, BUT... SOMETHING'S *WRONG*...

HE'S NOT THE SAME AS LAST TIME WE SAW HIM.

HAVE WE *MET* BEFORE?

YES. YOU'RE *LONGSHOT*.

LONGSHOT?

YOU'RE A GENETICALLY ENGINEERED *SOLDIER*. YOU REBELLED AGAINST YOUR MASTER, *MOJO*.

MOJO?

MOJO SAID HE *CAUGHT* YOU AND HAD YOU *WIPED*. IT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME.

WIPED?

TABULA RASA. YOUR MIND'S A *BLANK SLATE*, PAL, EXCEPT FOR YOUR COMBAT PROGRAMMING...

...AND ONE VERY *SPECIAL* QUALITY--THE REASON I MADE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL JUST TO *BORROW* YOU...

LONGSHOT.

KEVIN, NO! YE'LL BE DAMNED FOREVER IF YE DO THIS!

OCH, MOTHER, I WAS *PAST* SAVIN' THE MINUTE I WAS BORN. YUR BOGGIN' *GENETICS* SAW TAE THAT!

NOW, BE A GUID GIRL AN' SAY "AHH"...

WHRRR

WAIT A MINUTE...

SOMETHING'S... *WRONG* HERE...

WHAT'S WRONG IS THAT NONE OF THIS IS THE WAY IT *REALLY* WAS!

YOU VE *REIMAGINED* YOUR MOTHER'S LAB AS YOUR OWN PRIVATE CHAMBER OF HORRORS, BUT IT WAS VERY DIFFERENT, WASN'T IT?

WHO...?

THIS IS CLOSER TO THE TRUTH-- ISN'T IT, KEVIN?

THE CELL YOUR MOTHER LOCKED YOU IN FOR YEARS BECAUSE IT WAS LETHAL JUST TO BE NEAR YOU.

NO! I WON'T COME BACK HERE!

WHU--?

NOTHIN'S HAPPENIN'--!

REMSEN ALSO HAS SOME CONTROL OVER THE DREAMWORLD--WHICH IS ONE WAY TO LEVEL THE PLAYING FIELD AGAINST AN OPPONENT LIKE PROTEUS.

QUARANTINE: MUTANT X

WHY CAN'T I WARP MY WAY OUT?

BECAUSE YOU BELONG HERE, KEVIN. YOUR MOTHER DIDN'T LOCK YOU IN HERE OUT OF SPITE. SHE DID IT BECAUSE SHE HAD TO.

WHAT'S... WRONG WITH ME...?

YOU'RE JUST BEING HONEST WITH YOURSELF. YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T ROAM FREE. IT ISN'T RIGHT. YOU HAVE TO STAY IN HERE.

BUT REMSEN'S NOT ALL-POWERFUL. HE HAS TO SHUT DOWN PROTEUS'S CONSCIOUSNESS BEFORE THE MONSTER FIGURES OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING

YOU'RE *SAFE* HERE, KEVIN...

...JUST SLEEP. SLEEP DEEPLY...

...YES, I NEED TAE SLEEP...

...TAE DREAM...

D'YE THINK IT'S *TRUE* WHAT THEY SAY?

?

THAT IF YE *DIE* IN A DREAM, YE DIE FOR *REAL?*

...UNHHH..

IS THIS NORMAL?

MISTER CREED, ASK HEATHER IF HE'S OKAY.

DON'T KNOW WHERE YE FOUND THE LAD, BUT HE ALMOST *HAD* ME.

ALMOST.

AND THERE ARE OTHERS LIKE LENORE WHO HAVE SPECIAL ABILITIES, BUT IT'S ALL TIED IN WITH THE ***STAR BRAND*** SOMEHOW.

KEN, THIS IS ALL TOO MUCH--

OH, NO--!

RUN, BARB, *RUN!*

MISTER CONNELL, I'D LIKE TAE PROPOSE A WEE **TRADE**...

...I'LL **UNSNARL** THESE PESTS FROM EACH OTHER AN' LET YUR LADY AN' HER KIDS RUN FREE IF YE'LL KINDLY SURRENDER YUIR **BODY** TAE ME.

I PROMISE IT WON'T HURT.

CONNELL BREAKS THE SOUND BARRIER CROSSING THE STREET.

PROTEUS REACTS WITH THE SPEED OF *THOUGHT.*

LENORE, BLESS HER HEART, TRIES HER BEST--

--BUT PROTEUS IS HAVING *NONE* OF IT

I'LL BE TAKIN' THAT BODY NOW, CONNELL, SOON AS I *PIECE IT BACK TOGETHER!*

HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT I'M WATCHING IT ALL GO DOWN, AND THAT OUR *BACKUP* PLAN IS READY TO DEPLOY...

FAASH

?

LONGSHOT IS A GENETICALLY ENGINEERED FIGHTING MACHINE, BUT THAT'S NOT WHY I SECURED HIS SERVICES FROM MOJO.

I DID IT BECAUSE LONGSHOT ALTERS *PROBABILITIES* IN HIS FAVOR--HE PROJECTS HIS OWN *FORCE FIELD* OF GOOD LUCK.

I'M HOPING THIS WILL SHIELD HIM FROM PROTEUS'S OWN WARP EFFECT.

LONGSHOT DOESN'T KNOW WHY WE'RE FIGHTING PROTEUS, HE DOESN'T KNOW PROTEUS'S BACK-GROUND, OR THAT HE KILLED MIMIC.

HE DOESN'T HAVE TO.

ALL LONGSHOT HAS TO KNOW IS PROTEUS'S ONE *VULNERABILITY...*

...METAL.

ARRHH!

GET 'EM OUT!

GET 'EM OUT!

OCH, YE'LL *PAY* FOR THAT...

BUT NOT TODAY!

WOOOORRRRP

YOU OKAY?

I AM NOW.

HELLO. I AM—

LONGSHOT!

OH. SO WE'VE MET BEFORE, TOO?

HEATHER...?

YEAH, SABRE-TOOTH. I SENT HIM. TELL EVERYONE TO STAND BY FOR EXTRACTION.

GUESS WE'RE CHASIN' PROTEUS TA YET **ANOTHER** REALITY?

YEAH, BUT FIRST YOU NEED TO REPORT BACK HERE. I MIGHT'VE COME UP WITH A WAY TO KEEP HIM **OUT** OF YOUR HEADS FOR GOOD.

JUST WISH I'D THOUGHT OF IT SOONER...

NEXT 2045!